

old: certaine shies old: and had Robin Night-worke, by old Night-worke, before I came to Clements Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir John, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Capitaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: theee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.

Bard. Go too: stand aside.

Feeble. Teare not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calse.

Falst. Go too: well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calse, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falst. Mouldie, and Bull-calse: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calse, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Wart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbers on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Woman's Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so, very well, go too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Short. Well said Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthurs Show: there was a little quiver fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, rah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would hee come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellows will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night, Bardolph, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir John, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you retaine, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go too: I haue spoke at a word: Fare you well.

Exit.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shallow. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same stur'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the reere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had bene sworne Brother to him: and he be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshalls men, I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparell into an Ele-skinne: the Cafe of a Treble Hooboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beecues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleman.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Hast. Wee haue sent forth already.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires) I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd New-dated Letters from Northumberland: Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus. Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers As might hold fortance with his Qualitie, The which hee could not leuie: whereupon Hee is retr'y'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers, That your Attempts may ouer-lie the hazard, And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground, And dash themselves to peeces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy: And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out, Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall, The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace: What doth concerne your coming?

West. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe adresse The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion Came like it selfe, in bafe and abiect Routs, Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage, And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie: I say, if damnd Commotion to appeare, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords) Had not bene here, to dresse the ougly forme Of bafe, and bloodie Insurrection, With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd, Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd, Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd, Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence, The Doute, and very blessed Spirit of Peace. Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe, Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace, Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre? Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands. Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd, And with our surfetting, and wanton howres, Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer, And wee must bleed for it: of which Disease, Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd. But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland) I take not on me here as a Physician, Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men: But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre, To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse, And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly. I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences. Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne, And are enforc'd from our most quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And haue the summarie of all our Griefes (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience: When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes, Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person, Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong. The dangers of the dayes but newly gone, Whose memorie is written on the Earth With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of eury Minutes instance (present now) Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes: Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indeede, Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd? Wherein haue you benee galled by the King? What Peere hath benee suborn'd, to grate on you, That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth, I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse: Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all, That feeble bruises of the dayes before, And suffer the Condition of these Times To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray, Construe the Times to their Necessities, And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time, And not the King, that doth you injuries. Yet for your part, it not appears to me, Either from the King, or in the present Time, That you should haue an ynych of any ground To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories, Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost, That neede to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me? The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then, Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him: And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seates, Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre, Their armed Steaves in charge, their Beauers do wne, Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele, And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together: Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd My Father from the Brest of Bullingbrooke; O, when the King did throw his Warder downe, (His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw) Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues, That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword, Haue since mis-carried vnder Bullingbrooke.

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West. You